Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at
http://download.archiveofourown.org/works/3531746.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Xenoblade Chronicles, Fire Emblem: Kakusei | Fire Emblem: Awakening
Relationship:	Male My Unit/Shulk
Character:	Shulk, Male My Unit | Avatar
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Coffee Shops & Cafés
Stats:	Published: 2015-03-12 Words: 866

Daily Routine

by arizonia1

Summary

Robin likes customers that have that one thing they always order. But a peculiar teen that always gets something different struck a peculiar note in the barista's mind

If there was one thing Robin enjoyed about working at a coffee shop, it was that there was a routine to it. He worked the midday shift and that's when most of the regulars would come in. Orders and names have been memorized and if the silverette was making the drinks, it would be all prepared by the time the customer finished ordering. He and his twin sister Robbi were the only full-time workers but they worked opposite times. The older enjoyed staying up late and eating the leftover pastries at the end of the day compared to her twin that liked to work in the daylight.

However, there was always that one person that would come in and change up their order. Would Robin call them indecisive? Of course he did. But the thing that annoyed him more than a customer changing an order every time they came in, is when that customer becomes a regular. That seems to be the case with this peculiar blond teen. The first couple times he had come in he wasn't alone. He had a tall, lumbering red-head of a friend with him at first. Maybe he didn't want to try out a new place alone and look like a fool. Regardless he seems to be confident now because he'll just waltz in, order whatever he wants that day, and then spend the next two hours surrounded with papers jotting down notes, sketching things, and sometimes drinking his latte.

After a month of the blond coming in, Robin finally decided to talk to him after his shift finished. He was really curious about him and why he always came in just to surround himself with paperwork. The silverette was aware that coffee shops are a good place to work due to the quiet nature, but two hours seems a little excessive. Fixing himself a drink and a refill for the blond, the white-haired barista walked over to the table and undid his apron.

The teen didn't seem to have noticed his company as he continued writing on his papers. It was only when his drink was pushed in front of him did he pay attention.

"Oh. I'm sorry." He said as he looked up, his accent thick and quite British. "How long have you been there?"

Robin ran a hand through his hair. "Couple minutes. I just wanted to chat. I'm done working for the day."

Blue eyes look at the cup of steamy macchiato before looking back at his acquaintance. Carefully he sips at the brew and thanks the other for getting him a refill.

"So… what's your name? You always just tell Maribelle to write down 'S'." Robin inquires as he leans back and sips at his drink. "And if you're not ordering a drink you don't even tell Stahl anything."

A bashful blush covers the teens cheeks. "I… never really paid any attention to that. My name's Shulk, I'm an out of country student at the university just down the block."

"Explains why you stop by here a lot. I'm Robin by the way."

Shulk looks at him for a second and let's this process. "Do you have a sister?"

"Yeah…? Why?"

"Isn't her name Robin too? Cause she's in my psychology class. She constantly talked about her 'little brother' and all of that."

The barista groans and throws his head back as he does. It was always that. Robin was always being compared to her. She's getting an education in the day, working a nice job at night, and she's met this awfully cute blond teen already. That just killed any chance of the silverette winning him over if Robbi's already told Shulk everything. Because of his sister, her boyfriend Henry, and their mutual friend Chrom, he felt left out because he was the only one that was single. Hopelessly single really, and he hated that feeling.

He was so caught up in his thoughts the barista barely heard his companion say his name.

"Are you ok Robin?" Shulk asks. "I wasn't done talking. You sister had mentioned you were single and looking for someone."

Robin looks back at the blond. "Yeah so? I'm not surprised she told you."

"Well… I'm still trying to get over my last relationship… well… ending abruptly…" The blond admits quietly. "But I think we both need someone. From what I've heard from your sister, you seem like a really nice guy."

Nervous laughter. "What are you doing? Asking me out on a date?"

"I suppose I am. Are you off on Saturday? I know a nice little place just off campus to get lunch."

"Uh… I'll have to organize that with my boss, but I think I'll be able to squeeze that in."

The college student gathers his papers and puts them away before slinging his bag over his

shoulder. “See you Saturday!”

The barista watches as the blond leaves with a smile on his face. Robin knows he’ll be back tomorrow, but still. It takes a little time for this to process though in the silverette's mind. When it finally does click, he wells up with happiness and jumps from his seat.

“I GOT A DATE!” He cheers.

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